

Unauthentic Photographic Picture of the Battle of Manila.

(From the New York Press.)

On last Tuesday there came to the United States cruiser Raleigh a trophy of war which is, in many respects, the most curious that has been acquired anywhere during the entire war. It is a picture which is reproduced on this page.

After the destruction of Montojo's squadron in Manila bay, the sailors and marines from the Raleigh that made up a landing party, found on the shore the dead body of a Spanish officer. Beside him lay a camera. It was in question whether the photographic box contained anything of value or not, but Boatswain Gibbs of the Raleigh, having an investigating as well as a scientific turn of mind, pounced on it as a prize of great value.

His companions laughed at him for his choice of souvenirs. They wanted knives, machetes, bayonets from Mauser rifles and such things to put in their chests and bring back home to their friends in the United States. But Gibbs clung to his camera, and when he got it down in the Raleigh's hold and laid out his own amateur photo-

kota and California were the four states of the country which by the federal census of 1890 had a larger foreign-born than native-born male population of voting age. The percentages were 53, 59, 55 and 50% respectively. Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota have a large Scandinavian population; California has many Chinese residents of voting age.

A FOREIGN SNAKE STORY.

How a Victim of a Cobra Bite Was Resuscitated.

From the London Globe: American inventors of snake stories must look to their laurels; the educated Bengali has entered into competition, and, judging from the sample given in good faith by a native paper at Calcutta, he will be hard to beat. Some time back the lovely daughter of a wealthy Zemindar was bitten by a cobra, and died in the course of a few hours. As her remains were being conveyed to the Ganges for sepulture a passing patriarch of revered mien proposed that he should be allowed to experiment

ernment the city's treasury has been irregularly plundered by politicians? The Boss—Well, I should say not. Why, the thing's been done as regular as clock work.

MADE A HARBOR.

Effect of One Violent Storm at Marshfield, Massachusetts.

There are many instances by which small coast towns have benefited through the ravages of a storm, but few towns have had the remarkable experience of Marshfield, situated on Cape Cod bay half way between Cohasset and Plymouth. If it had been allowed to work out its own destiny, Marshfield might have been an old-fashioned little town, but nature stepped in and waited the town up in a prison. Originally the mouth of the river was at a point nearly opposite the town, but gradually, as the soil washed down by the river and the sand worked up by the sea met, a bar formed, extending from the north side of the river's mouth across it, thus stopping the swift, direct flow which had

through which a good-sized vessel can enter at any stage of the tide.

PORTO RICANS.

Have Strange Marriage Customs and the Poor Do Not Wed.

Marriage is almost unknown among the very poor classes, and the distinction of having the written word and the blessing of the priest carries with it no special badge of honor; it is suggestive only of another poor man gone wrong and a grasping padre a few pesos richer. It is a much easier matter for a man to select his companion partner and set up housekeeping in a new wickup under the banana trees without more ado. A legal marriage by license has less in it which meets approval in the native mind than that performed by a church functionary, for the padre might always save them from hell, while the nation's sanction is absolutely a barefaced robbery. Gen. Grant one day gave hearing to a much-aggrieved man who stated that the priest would not

IN THE NICK O' TIME.

The Widow Carney came out of her two-room shanty beyond the dump. She stood erect in the spring sunshine, looking over a network of railroad tracks, across to the switchhouse where Kathleen had taken Fergus O'Hare's dinner. Nelly Carney was still little more than a girl. Her face was arch and sweet, her eyes bright, her hair black and curly. The wind blew her calico dress away from her fine figure.

"And you say that she's a widow?" John Conover remarked to Fergus. "Not long, I venture."

"Three years," said Fergus, passing a little. "Not for any fault of the b'ys. She's a little uppish, is Nelly Carney. Phil were a fireman an' like to be an engineer wan day, but the greasers down Coyote Pass finished him wan night while they attacked the train. Company gives her the rint at the house thar, an' she keeps boarders for meals."

That is how John Conover met Nelly Carney. He was getting ready to go to the mines. He had just come from the eastern states and had a claim up about Toby's creek that his brother had left him when he died the year before.

He did not say much about himself to anyone. He took his meals with the Widow Carney for a week or so and bunked in with Fergus O'Hare. He said he was getting his outfit. Nelly Carney did some sewing for him and they sat together evenings, while little Kathleen slept best' them.

One of these evenings John Conover seemed to be very thoughtful. At last he took a sudden resolution.

"Nelly," he began gently, "I'm going up to a rough place, but I've got a notion to take you along."

"It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Conover."

"Not this bargain. I know you'll go dear. I'm only wondering if it will pay you. Jim always stuck to it, that creek claims were bound to pan out. If it does, you and Kathleen will be fixed for life. If it don't, you might have a tough time. Shall we go down to the squire tomorrow, Nell?"

Nelly took a night's sleep on it and in the morning consented to go up country with John Conover. They were married one day, and set out the next, taking the little child with them.

It seemed a shame to John Conover that he brought such a pretty creature to live in such a wild and lonesome spot. She was happy enough, apparently the same Nelly he had seen on the dump that spring day. The more he loved her, the more he brooded over her sacrifice of a home and friends among civilized people. He

"Nelly Carney, that was, of moost hurry my wurd as ol' Tim Blake in mee place down in the yard. Ol' Tim was wurd of John Conover from a dirty Chinese that ol' b'efriended once or twice. He told me, Nelly Carney, that John has med his foined at last, an' that three or the worst min in San Francisco are to be afther not only he's taken alriddy, but it will be his life for his claim out there beyant."

Nelly Conover had risen. All the fine lady dropped from her. She ran to Fergus and caught his hand.

"Fergus, Fergus, ye're a friend, indeed! Come away with me to John. Get Tim, Denny and Jerry and one of the other boys we can depend on. There's plenty of money. We will go faster than any one. Oh, Fergus, help me, for old-times sake."

"We're no time thin to loose," quoth Fergus. For that gang is away three hours too. Be ready whin I come with the b'ys."

An hour or two later Nelly was ready. She had been to the convent to kiss Kathleen, she had dressed herself in her coarse mountain clothing again. The next train north bore the Irishmen and Nelly to the little station where she had decided to get off.

It was by a short cut, rough and dangerous, that Nelly made up her mind to lead her followers. It was one by which John Conover used to secretly transport his gold. Several times she had tramped with him up and down the pass. She calculated that she could arrive an hour or two after the attacking party if they pushed forward all night. A terrible energy possessed Nelly. Her eyes shone with terror and anxiety. Could they reach John in time? As she plunged onward in the dark she registered a vow never to leave John Conover again if his life was spared.

Toward dawn the party were in sight of Toby's creek. Nelly pointed with shaking at the hut near the mountain side. There was a light in the cabin. The party crept up stealthily. Nelly crawled on her hands and knees to the back window. The slight within froze her blood. John Conover was tied and bound before the fire until he was perfectly helpless. Three men were torturing him, Indian fashion, by applying burning sticks to his feet. He would not sign away his claim.

Nelly drew back one second and Fergus took her place. A settled gray look came into the face of the big switchman. He motioned the next man and all drew their pistols. Fergus crept to the door, motioning Nelly to shelter herself. There was a sudden crash-in of the door, three shots and a dash at the window. Nelly fired the pistol that she held straight into the face of the man who came first.

John Conover was always a badly crippled man. He had expected no success, but he knew Nelly well enough to think she would never relinquish the claim only over his own signature, hardly then. He had resigned himself to die that she might have a fortune.

It was a snafu from the grave for him.

Everyone knows the Conovers on the two continents. The claim was one of the three best in California. Kathleen was such a fabulous heiress she could have married a dozen titles, but she chose a plain American. She had a young, half brother, who, strange as it may seem, was called Fergus from the start. He was a famous athlete in an eastern college in the '70s and married an English girl of family. Nelly Conover, a lovely, white-haired old lady, may often be seen in the picture galleries and pleasure gardens of continental cities, walking beside the wheel chair of a genial old gentleman. She kept her vow. No time since that awful hour on the mountain side has she been absent from John Conover's side.



AN AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

graphical outfit he found he had indeed captured a prize.

In the camera was a negative showing the battle of the early morning on May 1, when the Spaniards believed that the guns of Cavite and the guns of the Manila forts would give them ample shelter and protection against the audacious Yankees.

As is evident from the picture that he printed here, the negative needed much "touching up" to clear away obscurities that were not to be avoided in photographing such a scene as this, and nothing could be done with the photograph after it was developed till long after the work of the ships was over. In fact, it was not till the Raleigh reached the Mediterranean on her voyage home that the owner of the picture could have it printed properly, and he had to leave his negative behind him to be fixed up. So, when the Raleigh arrived here nothing was said about the photograph. But on last Tuesday it reached Gibbs through the mails, and officers and sailors promptly put in requisitions for copies.

A fund was paid up to pay for the expenses of the work, and now almost every man on the ship has at least one copy. A few have been presented to favored friends, who naturally prize them highly.

This was probably the first photograph of two great fighting squadrons in action ever taken, showing the ships without the obscuration of smoke. The Spanish officer was killed before he knew whether his photograph had been successful or not, but had he lived, his pride in his work should have been great.

Even his name is unknown, but the readers of the Sunday Press will be able to enjoy the picture just as much as if the amateur photographer who died a martyr to his enthusiasm had developed and printed the negative himself.

Dewey's squadron at the break of day that Sunday morning lay seven miles due west from Manila city, and about an equal distance northwest of the little sandy hook called Cavite—a sandy hook which partly incloses a small inlet in the coast, where were lying the ships of the Spanish admiral stretched out in a line that began behind the hook and led away toward Manila city for nearly a mile.

Passing the anchored squadron at a range of a mile and a half, Dewey led his ships in front of the forts on Cavite Point, and then, turning slowly about, went back at them with the fresh batteries to starboard. Five times in all our ships steamed across the Spanish front, sending death and destruction to Montojo's fleet, killing, burning, sinking and annihilating.

The Spanish officer with his camera was within range of Dewey's big guns. He was exposed to a chance shot or the bursting of a shell near him. The shell came at last, and a piece of it killed the man and spared the camera with its precious negative. It is the amateur photographer's only epitaph. His death has given to the Yankees whom he hated a remarkable picture of a wonderful triumph of the American navy.

The picture shows the American ships in the foreground with the Olympia leading, and the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston following in the order named.

with resuscitation. As he bore a high reputation as a professor of occult science, the sorrowing relatives heartily consented. The sage then obtained three cowries, and, after praying very energetically, threw the shells on the ground. Instantly one disappeared, and the spectators were wondering what had become of it when a huge cobra burst out of the adjacent jungle, bearing the missing cowrie on its forehead. It must have been a humble sort of reptile, for when ordered by the sage to suck the wound on the deceased lady it at once complied, and then died to save further trouble. Within an hour its human victim had quite recovered, and went on merrily with her husband and relatives, none the worse for her little adventure.

"Such was the marvelous treatment," says the narrator, "of the peasant Moula Bux, professor of the occult science, which, with the spread of the so-called western civilization, had almost died out of the land." What we cannot understand is why snakes committed more atrocities when occult science was in its prime than under western civilization.

Absolutely False.

Citizen—Is there any truth in the Morning Scurcher's statement that since you assumed the reins of gov-

always kept the channel free and clear. Then the river turned south, and the sandbar followed it, growing in size as the flow of the river decreased, until it had become a good-sized promontory inside of which the river flowed, with an outlet far to the southward of the original one opposite the town. Being turned out of its regular channel in this way the river also broadened and shallowed. It was not until a fierce gale visited the district and threw the water against the outside of the promontory that matters changed for the best. In conjunction with the gale came one of the highest tides of the year. The water swept into the streets of Marshfield, and hundreds of acres of the big marshes at the southeast end of the town. When all this immense body of water started on its return to the sea with the falling tide it undid the work of many years, and the next day it was found that where there had been solid ground forty-eight hours before, a clean-cut channel, 250 feet wide and 13 feet deep for its full width, through which the tide ran like a miracle, while in the older mouth of the river there was hardly any movement. Now there is a straight, free entrance to the sea, which is in a more direct line with the flow of the river than even the old mouth of years ago, and

marry him to the woman he loved without excessive fee, and he prayed that his excellency would order the erring father to marry him at a rate commensurate with the size of his pocketbook. The general sorrowfully told him that he could not pretend to interfere with the church rulings, even, though his sympathies were aroused, and suggested that he be content with the legal form which met all the lawful needs of our own country, and pay the small fee to the civil authorities. The man glared at him and disappeared; the manifest cupidity of American officials was beyond his power to express in words.

Not Found Yet.

School Visitor (examining scholar)—"Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't know? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin and Dr. Nansen and Captains Nares and Markham couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

Why He Prepared It.

"A bad excuse is better than none," remarked the first philosophic hobo. "I like it better than a good one," observed the other; "it's more gentlemanly, 'cause generally don't work."



"WE'VE NO TIME, THIN TO LOOSE."

worked hard, and the next summer made a good find in a hole and sent her back to San Francisco with a small fortune and instructions to put Kathleen into a convent, where she could have a schooling and be made a lady for the future.

Life in a hotel is a great educator. Day after day, Mrs. Conover went about, saw great plays, read novels, visited her child and enjoyed existence. She received John's infrequent letters with a positive alarm. Suppose he should send for her to return. She could close her eyes, and see the great dark, snow-topped mountain wall, the rough cabin close under the shadow, the brawling waters of the mountain torrent. In dreams she heard the thundering voice of the wind among the pine boughs, the scream of the wild eagles—that was all. She missed John at first with all the passion of her impulsive nature; but, as time went on, the longing grew fierce, and she felt she would rather never return than to go now when life was so full of gaiety and novelty.

One day Fergus O'Hare came to see her. The colored servant told her with a grin that the visitor would not write his name on a card, maybe couldn't. Nelly flushed, for she knew that it was little time since she had been ignorant of card formalities. She said she would see him in her own parlor, and the amused bellboy showed up the switchman. He looked rougher and more grimy than ever.

"How do you do, Fergus?" she said, with a little condescension.

Fergus had stopped in the middle of the little parlor.

"Nelly Conover! Oi can't believe it's the same," he said.

"It is," she laughed; then in her warm-hearted way, "Sit down, Fergus; I'm glad to see you. You should see Kathleen. She's a fine girl now."

Fergus would not sit down. He was evidently at a loss what to say. He shifted his hat uneasily.

BRAIN WEIGHED 37 OUNCES.

And There Was an Excess of White Over Gray Matter.

Dr. O'Hanlon, coroner's physician, recently performed an autopsy on the body of John Chester, 35 years of age, 307 Washington street, who was taken to the Manhattan hospital with a broken back, and who died the next day, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Chester was found unconscious leaning against a fence at One Hundred and Third street and Amsterdam avenue. A policeman learned that Chester had passed the greater part of Sunday night in a saloon discussing mesmerism, and that he was experimented upon. He fell to the floor of the saloon in the trance and was taken out by the men and placed against the fence where he was found. The autopsy revealed that the man's brain weighed only thirty-seven ounces. The average weight of the brain, Dr. Hanlon said, in males, was forty-nine and a half ounces, and in females forty-four ounces. The maximum was sixty-five ounces and the minimum thirty-four ounces. In addition to the excessively light weight of the brain, there was an excess of white over gray matter in it. This, Dr. O'Hanlon said, indicated a lack of intelligence and lethargic mentality, but also was indicative of strong physical characteristics. It was an indication of the preponderance of the animal qualities over the mental. Such a man, Dr. O'Hanlon said, could be mesmerized easily. Chester's death, the doctor declared, was due to a fracture of the spine between the sixth and seventh cervical vertebrae.

Where Dreams Would Fail.

Van Twiller—I dreamed that I committed suicide last night on your account. Miss Olden (gushingly)—Hei! he!—hadn't you better speak to mommer about it? Van Twiller—Oh, I wouldn't dream of that.—Judge

TWIN ESKIMO GIRLS TO BE MOVED TO SEATTLE.

Little Artmarhoke and Zakriner, the Eskimo twin sisters from Alaska, whose bright faces are seen in the accompanying picture, will soon be taken away from the uncertain climate of New York, and will make their home near Seattle, with Capt. Minor Bruce, their adopted father, who brought them here. In Washington their surroundings, at least so far as being in the open air is concerned, will be more like the land of their birth. New York gave them pneumonia, but they were more fortunate than several of their kindred, who died of the disease. "That Eskimos can live in our climate is shown by the health of those who came from Labrador in 1893," says Harlan I. Smith of the Anthropological Department, Museum of Natural History. "These Eskimos were exhibited at the world's fair, and they stayed in this country for four years, and all but one went back to Labrador as well as they came. That one is still in New York. The little boy, Minik, brought here by Lieut. Peary, is well, although nearly all of his older companions died. Children like Minik adapt themselves to this climate more readily than older people, who have

become lastingly influenced by the climatic conditions of their native land.

"What will be the future of these little girls from our most northern possessions? Coming from a primitive race, will they be able to hold their own in our civilized communities? It may be that they will not equal the keenest of the white race, but in all

been a reporter and was one of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders, bravely upholding the honor of his country in Cuba. An Indian woman from the banks of the St. Lawrence has been living in New York city for years, earning her own living and is respected by all who know her.

"While the Eskimos are perhaps a



probability they will surpass many of our weaker people. Primitive peoples seem to strike more nearly an average, while in highly civilized countries there are found greater extremes of success and failure.

"Several Apache Indians are competing successfully with us. One is a medical doctor in Chicago; another has

simpler, kinder and quieter people than our Indians, and altogether different from the negro, there seems no reason why, under the same conditions, these little girls should not have before them a physical, financial and social future equally desirable with that reached by the average schoolgirl of New York."